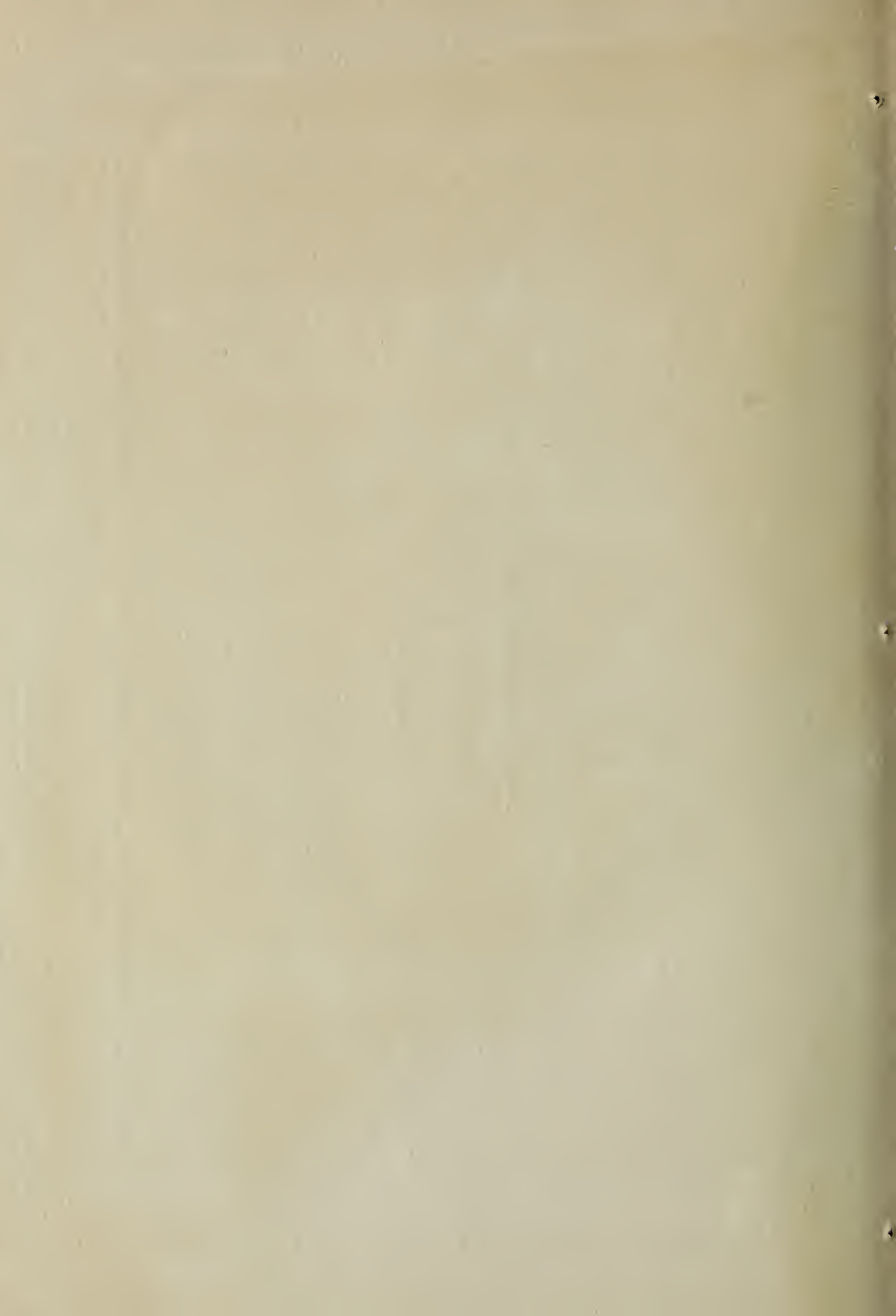


HYMN TUNES



LEONARD MOORHEAD THOMAS

1921



TWENTY HYMN
TUNES



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To my Father and Mother

TWENTY HYMN TUNES

BY

LEONARD MOORHEAD THOMAS

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NOTE. The above Nos. are taken from the authorized Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

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LEONARD M. THOMAS

Morning

Every Morning Mercies New

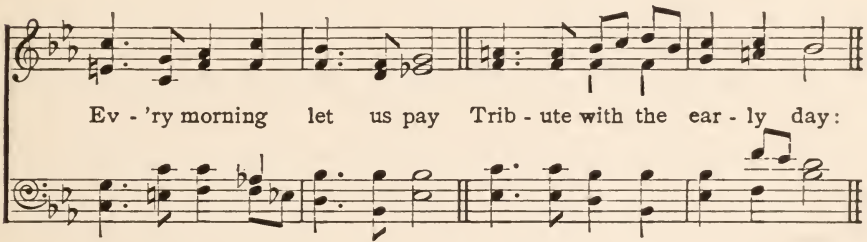
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7. S.

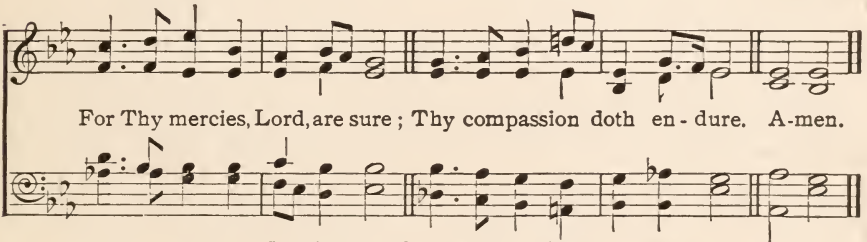
LEONARD M. THOMAS.



1. Ev - 'ry morning mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew ;



Ev - 'ry morning let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day :



For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure ; Thy compassion doth en - dure. A - men.

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- 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove ;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast ;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.
- 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail ;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life ;
Fit us for our daily strife.
- 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

REV. G. PHILLIMORE, 1863.

Evening

The Shadows Of The Evening Hours

Hymnal No. 15.

D. C. M.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall

from the dark - 'ning skies ; Up - on the fra - grance

of the flowers The dews of eve - ning lie.

2. Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We

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Evening

kneel at close of day; Look on Thy chil - dren

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, starting with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note (A4), an eighth note (B4), and a quarter note (C5). The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords and single notes.

from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff ends with a final cadence on a G4 note. The bass staff continues with accompaniment.

- 3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
- 4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
- 5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
- 6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.
- 7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
- 8 Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1862.

Advent

Great God, What Do I See And Hear!

Hymnal No. 37.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The

end of things cre - at - ed! The Judge of

man - kind doth ap - pear On clouds of

glo - ry seat - ed! The trum - pet sounds; the

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Advent

graves re - store The dead which they con - tained be - fore ;

Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him! A - men.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring ;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

Christmas

Sing, Oh, Sing, This Blessed Morn

Hymnal No. 57.

7. s.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn; Un-to us a Child is born,

Un-to us a Son is given, God Him-self comes down from heaven;

Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn, Je-sus Christ to-day is born. A-men.

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2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns forever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH, 1862.

Epiphany

O One With God The Father

Hymnal No. 68.

7. 6. D.

LEONARD M. THOMAS

1. O One with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might,

The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light ;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are streaming now ;

The shadows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-men.

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2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly :
O heavenly Light, arise !
Dispel these mists that shroud us
And hide Thee from our eyes !
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod :
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace ;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness,

(7)

BR. W. W. HOW, 1871.

Septuagesima

Thou, Who On That Wondrous Journey

Hymnal No. 77.

8. 5. 8. 5.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

i. Thou, Who on that won - drous jour - ney

Sett'st Thy face to die, By Thy ho - ly

meeK ex - am - ple Teach us char - i - ty! A - men

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2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee;
O most loving of the loving,
Give us charity!

3 Thou, who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us charity!

4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise;
Hope, with upward eye;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity!

HENRY ALFORD, 1867.

Lent

O Thou, The Contrite Sinners' Friend

Hymnal No. 84.

8.8.8.6.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

i. O Thou, the con - trite sin - ners' friend, Who, lov - ing,

lov'st them to the end, On this a - lone

my hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A - men.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me. | 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me. |
| 3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me. | 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me. |

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1835.

Holy Week

Oh, Come And Mourn With Me Awhile

Hymnal No. 105.

L. M.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. Oh, come and mourn with me a - while, And tar - ry

here the cross be - side; Oh, come, to - geth - er let us

mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A - men.

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- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Eastertide

He Is Risen, He Is Risen

Hymnal No. 117.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. He is ris-en, He is ris-en; Tell it out with joy-ful voice :

He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice ;

Death is conquered, man is free, Christ has won the vic-to-ry A-men.

Ped.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted
With glad smile and radiant brow :
Lent's long shadows have departed
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore :
Sin and pain can vex no more. | 3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast. |
|--|--|

- 4 He is risen, He is risen ;
He hath opened heaven's gate :
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state ;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER, 1846.

All Saints

The Saints Of God ! Their Conflict Past

Hymnal No. 175.

8. s.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. The saints of God! their con - flict past,

And life's long bat - tle won at last,

No more they need the shield or sword,

They cast them down be - fore their Lord :

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All Saints

O hap - py saints! for - ev - er blest,

rit.
At Je - sus' feet how safe you rest! A - men.

- 2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!
- 3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!
- 4 The saints of God their vigil keep,
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!
- 5 O God of saints! to Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

BISHOP MACLAGAN, 1870.

Holy Communion

Saviour, Who Did'st Come To Give

Hymnal No. 226.

7. S.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. Sav - iour, Who did'st come to give Liv - ing bread, that

all might live; Grant me grace on Thee to feed,

For Thy flesh is meat in - deed. A - men.

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2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,
Help me on the heavenward way;
Vine of strength, supply my need,
For Thy blood is drink indeed.

F. W. BARTLETT, 1890.

Burial Of A Child

Safely, Safely Gathered In

Hymnal No. 246.

7. S.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. Safe - ly, safe - ly gathered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin,

No more child - ish griefs or fears, No more sad - ness, no more tears ;

For the life so young and fair Now hath passed from earthly care ;

God Himself the soul will keep, Giv - ing His be - lov - ed sleep. A - men.

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2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin ;
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain ;
For our loss we may not weep,
Nor our loved ones long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin ;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life ;
Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love ;
Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

MRS. H. O. DE L. DOBREE, 1881.

Missions

Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations

Hymnal No. 257.

8. 7.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

i. Sav - iour, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy

sor - rows be; By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions

Draw the Gen - tles un - to Thee! 2. Of Thy

cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the

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Missions

na - tions told; Let them see Thee in Thy

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style.

glo - ry And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A - men.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same treble and bass clef staves. The vocal line in the treble staff concludes with the lyrics 'glo - ry And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A - men.' The piano accompaniment in the bass staff provides harmonic support.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the Preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

BISHOP A. B. COXE, 1851.

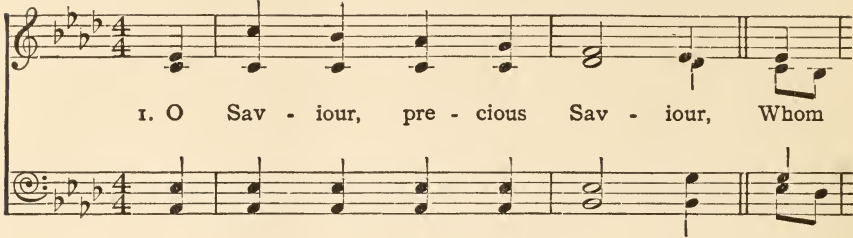
General

O Saviour, Precious Saviour

Hymnal No. 444.

7. 6. D.

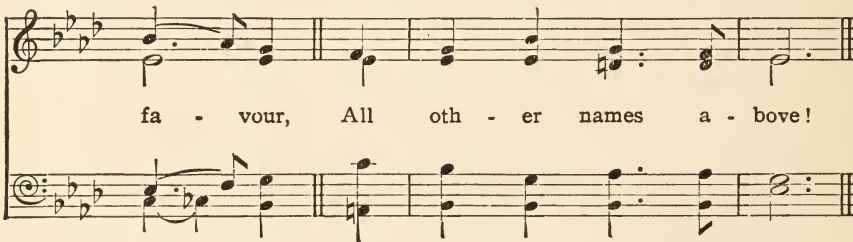
LEONARD M. THOMAS.



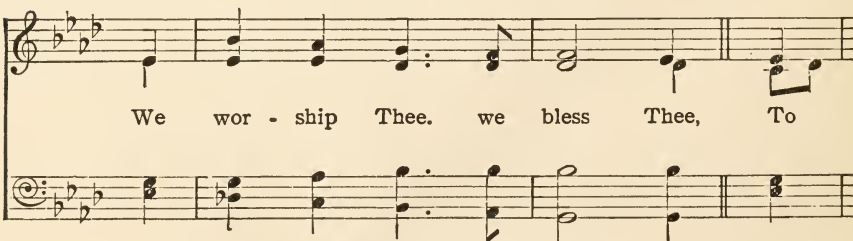
1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom



yet un - seen we love! O Name of might and



fa - vour, All oth - er names a - bove!



We wor - ship Thee. we bless Thee, To

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General

Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and con -

fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hath wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and king.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and king.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1870.

General

Come, Let Us Sing The Song Of Songs

Hymnal No. 448.

L. M.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

i. Come, let us sing the song of songs! The

saints in heaven be - gan the strain; The hom - age which to

Christ be - longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A - men.

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- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us Kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1841.

Processional

Sing, Ye Faithful, Sing With Gladness

Hymnal No. 517.

8. 7.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

♩ = one step.

1. Sing, ye faith-ful, sing with gladness! Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!

With the prais-es of your Saviour Let His house re-sound a - gain!

Him let all your mu-sic hon-or, And your songs ex- alt His reign! A- men.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!</p> | <p>4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ran-
somed,
Till the appointed word be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.</p> |
| <p>3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.</p> | <p>5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last.</p> |

Processional

On Our Way Rejoicing

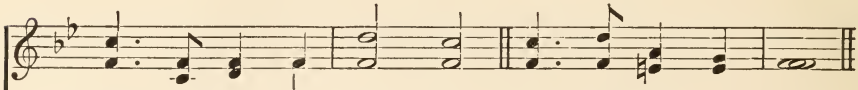
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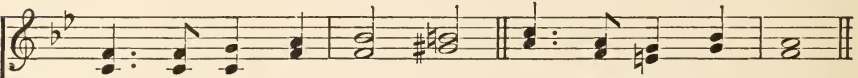
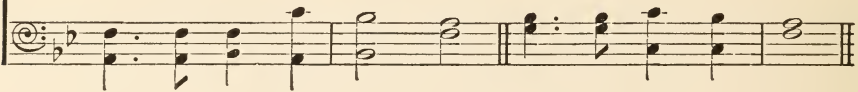
LEONARD M. THOMAS



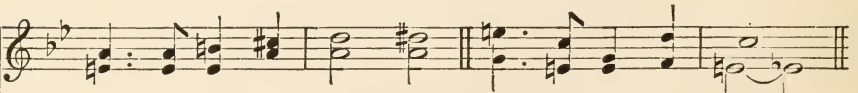
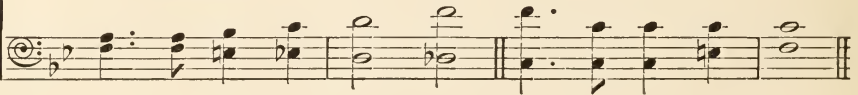
1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move,



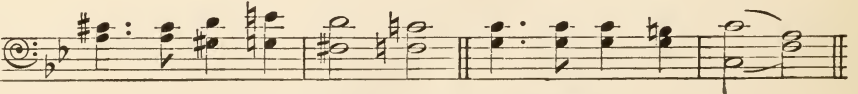
Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!



Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!



Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee!



Processional

On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move,

Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A - men.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader!
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1873.

Litany Of Penitence

Father, Hear Thy Children's Call

Hymnal No. 529.

7. 7. 7. 6.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. Fa - ther, hear Thy child - ren's call: Hum - bly at Thy

feet we fall, Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all:

We be - seech Thee, hear us. A - men.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us. | 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us. |
| 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us. | 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us. |
| 4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us. | 7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us. |
| 8 Thou, Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us. | |

THOS. B. POLLOCK, 1875.

Home and Personal Use

My God, My Father, While I Stray

Hymnal No. 667.

8. 8. 8. 4.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say,

"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" A - men.

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- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| 2 | Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!" | 5 | Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!" |
| 3 | What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!" | 6 | Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!" |
| 4 | If Thou should'st call me to resign
What I most prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!" | 7 | Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!" |

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

For the Sick and Afflicted

How Firm A Foundation

Hymnal No. 636.

II. S.

LEONARD M. THOMAS.

i. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word

SOP. AND ALTO.

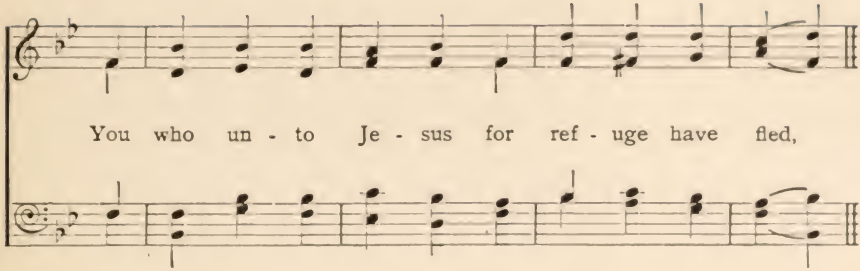
What more can He say than to you He hath said,

(ORGAN.)

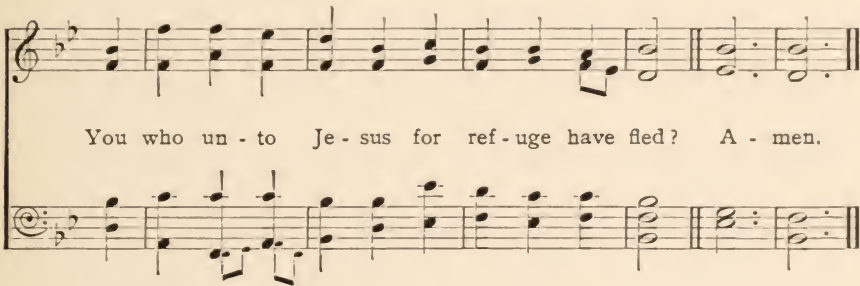
FOUR VOICES.

You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled,

For the Sick and Afflicted



You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled,



You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? A - men.

2 Fear not, I am with thee ; oh, be not dismayed !
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
||: Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. :||

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
||: And sanctify thee to thy deepest distress. :||

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shalt not hurt thee ; I only design
||: Thy dross to consume, and Thy gold to refine. :||

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes ;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
||: I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake. :||

REV.—KEEN, 1787.

